EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

THE DEAD LETTER.

MRS ELIA W. PEATTIE.

VERY dark days came to Bertha Heuson — dark days *will* come now and then, even when one is very young. Bertha Heuson was not quite eleven. Her trouble began one day in November. Bertha always remembered how those sharp raindrops cut her as she walked to school that morning, and how brown the Common looked, with its wind-stricken grass and its desolate pools of water.

She carried her luncheon in a little box, not intending to go home at noontime through the bitter rain; and she was just untying the strings that held the cover on, when a boy burst into the class-room where the girls sat cosily about eating and chatting. He was pale, and his teeth chattered with cold and excitement.

"Bertha! Bertha Heuson!" he cried. "Your Pa's been killed. At the depot 't was. He's dead already, an' your Ma wants you!"

"Hush! hush!" whispered the awed girls to him.

"Well!" said the boy, sullenly, "I was sent to tell 'er, an' she might 's well know it now."

Bertha remembered afterwards that she tied the string back on the box, and made a neat bow of it, and that she put on all her things carefully before she went out in the storm. She did not go back to school again. After the sad days which followed, her mother, who had always been ailing, fell ill. The servant they had was sent away because they were not able to keep her, and Bertha did her best with the work. He had been a doctor — Bertha's father — in a little town where there were few to be ill at any time and where the fees were not large. The modest home where they lived was only half paid for. There was nothing laid by for this "rainy day" which had come upon them so unexpectedly. But there was a bit of a pension that the father had received for serving in the army, and this his disheartened wife and brave little daughter tried to live upon.

"You just shut your eyes and try to play we're rich, and let me manage, Mammakins," Bertha used to say. "I'll buy all the things, and take great pains to have them cheap. 'Spose we have lots of soup. I've always heard that soup was cheap, and it's easy to make." Mamma laughed; but it was hard enough to be cheerful, for there was no time for much else besides work. Baking, ironing, sweeping, bed-making, dish-washing, take a deal of time, especially when one is not yet eleven. She tried to study a little evenings, and she did make headway in her reading; but the arithmetic seemed very dull, and the grammar and geography were harder than ever before, which is saying a good deal.

But things went on after a fashion till the spring came. Bertha was getting happy in spite of herself. The sun shone so brightly, her mother was getting better, the trees were putting forth their leaves, and — well, in the springtime it is hard enough not to be happy. But one day there came a notice that the mortgage on the little place was soon to fall due. Bertha's mother seemed to have forgotten all about it, and she looked dazed and scared after she had read the letter, which she handed over to Bertha as if she some way expected her to straighten matters out.

"Well," said Bertha. "I never knew about this."

"I'm sure I had forgotten about it," said Bertha's mother; and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"It seems as if we might have been preparing for it some way," said Bertha, vaguely.

"What a child you are, Bertha!" her mother returned peevishly. "What could we have done?"

"I suppose we will be turned out of the house if we don't pay it."

Her mother fell to crying harder than before. "We 'll have to go to the poorhouse, for all I see," she said.

"Well," returned Bertha, indignantly, "I *don't* see it; I can't imagine myself in the poorhouse. Really, I 'd just starve first. But then there are ever so many good people in the world, and I 'm sure some one will help us out."

"Oh, you 're nothing but a baby, Bertha," said her mother, "and you 're so impractical;" which was rather a funny thing for Bertha's mother to say, because she was a babyish little woman herself, who had never done anything but just love people. Bertha combed her mother's hair till she fell asleep, and then she sat down by the window, where the fresh, bitter scent of the new-blown willows came in, and thought.

"The only person I know of that could be expected to help us," said she to herself, "is Cousin Ben Armstrong. Mamma says he 's no blood relation, but he always called me cousin, and he 's awful rich and owns two carriage-factories. If he would just lend us the money I think I might pay it up sometime. Why, only last week I got twenty-five cents for darning a lot of stockings for Mrs. Bridgman. She says she can't bear to darn. Any way, I 'm going to write and see what Cousin Ben Armstrong says."

And so, as her mother still slept, the little daughter sat right down and wrote: —

HAVERSHAM, OHIO, Feb. 20, 1886.

DEAR COUSIN BEN ARMSTRONG, — I suppose it is very easy for gentlemen to forget little girls, especially those who are not related to them. But you used to be kind to me, and so perhaps you remember me. I think we are apt to remember people we have been kind to quite as much as those who have been kind, don't you? I am Dr. Heuson's daughter Bertha; and I suppose you have heard that he is dead, — my dear Papa. That happened last fall; and since then Mamma has always been sick, and I have been taking care of her and doing all the work. We have lived on the pension Papa got, — you see we don't need very much to eat, and I pick up lots of loose wood in the clearing, and clothes last if one is careful. I think we should have got along someway if it had not been for the mortgage. We did not know about it, — that is, I did not know, and Mamma had forgotten. You see she is only a poor little Mamma and not used to business, and she is afraid of strangers; and then she is apt to have a back-ache. It could not be expected that she would remember about a mortgage.

If we lose our home I don't know what we will do. I 'm afraid it might kill Mamma. Of course it won't matter so much about me, for I guess I can stand almost anything. The mortgage will be due in sixty days, and it is for $500. I can't begin to tell you how we both love our little home. It seems as if it was all there was left of Papa, — he made it all, you know, and was *so* proud of it!

I don't know any one else in the world to ask to lend me the money. If you could do it, I would try to work at something and pay you up. Maybe I could pay a little every year; and if I live long enough I would get it all done. I hope you will help us for Papa's sake. I know $500 is a terrible sum, but I am an honest girl, and I will truly pay you back.

Your little cousin,

BERTHA HEUSON.

At the left-hand corner, after the signature, she put, "To Mr. Ben Armstrong from Bertha Heuson Haversham, Ohio," which gave the whole, a business-like look, she said to herself. She did not wish her Mamma to know of it, and she tried hard to think of Cousin Ben's address, but was not certain if she had it correctly. It was Beardstown, — she knew the name of the place, but for her life she could not remember the State. At last she concluded that it was in New York, and so addressed the envelope. Then she mailed it, and never told her mother a word about it. The days came and went. The little mother spent most of the time in crying or pleating muslin ruffles on a knife. She did n't seem to have the heart for any other employment.

"We may have to go without bread, but we 'll never go without fresh ruffles for the necks of our dresses while you live, will we?" Bertha used to say laughingly. Still the days passed.

"The time will soon be up," Bertha would whisper to herself, "and then if the money is not paid we must go, and where? Oh, Papa, Papa, where will we go? Why will no one help your little daughter?"

Down at Washington, in the Dead Letter Department, a busy clerk, hurrying through letter after letter, came upon one addressed to "Mr. Ben Armstrong, Beardstown, New York." The envelope bore several official stamps, one of which stated that there was no such post-office in the State of New York. The clerk tore open the letter, and glancing his eye down in search of a possible address, it was caught by a word and coaxed someway to read all the letter, written in the prim school-girl hand. He sat for a moment, though he was busy, with the letter in his hand; then he laid it aside by itself, and winked hard to make himself think there was not a tear in his eye.

At last a day came when Bertha gave up hope.

"People have hard hearts," she cried fiercely to herself. "One might as well be a cannibal as anything else. We are all heathens, I think. I 'm sure the best thing Mamma and I can do is to die, — if we only knew how."

The spring sun was setting when she walked down the quiet road that led to Main Street and on to the post-office. Her clean gingham dress swished softly about her as she walked, and she fell to listening to it in an idle way. She had thought and feared and hoped till she could do so no more.

"I don't think I 'm living, "she sighed; "I 'm just staying alive, like a caterpillar or any other stupid thing."

A group of men stood about the door of the post-office. "There goes poor Heuson's girl," she heard one say.

"Oh, yes," thought she, "it 's very easy to pity me; but we might starve and not one of you would ever know it!" She made herself very tall as she walked up to the little "delivery window." Her voice was quite crushing as she said to the clerk, "I don't suppose there are any letters for me."

"Well, now," returned the clerk with a grin, "what if there should be, eh?"

"Then," said Bertha, trying to continue her distant tone and keep the glad tremble out, — "then, I would like them."

"It ain't 'them,' it 's 'it,'" the clerk rejoined smartly, and handed her a large corn-colored envelope. It looked odd. It was n't at all Bertha's idea of the letter Cousin Ben Armstrong would write. It was addressed to her, however, and in the corner was printed "Official Business — Postal Service of the U. S. Dead Letter Department." She found a quiet nook in the room

and opened the envelope. First she was astonished to discover her letter to Cousin Ben, and an official explanation of its non-delivery. Then she opened a sheet of note-paper and read: —

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2, 1886.

MISS BERTHA HEUSON, — The enclosed explanation will tell why your letter was not delivered. Your note has been read by nearly every one in the Post-office Department and by several in other departments of the Government.

I send you in the name of the clerks of this department a check for $500, with which we hope you will be able to pay off your mortgage.

Respectfully,
M. MCCORMICK.

She did n't understand it all at the first reading, nor the second. But that night, after she had tucked her mother in bed, wound up the clock, and locked the doors, she knelt down by her own little cot with the precious check clasped in her hand, and cried, "I must be forgiven, dear God. Hearts are not so hard, after all."

GENTLEMAN HARRY.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

THE little fellow made a bright picture that cold winter morning, trotting along by the side of his tall Papa. Some of papa's friends lifted their hats to him, but looked down to smile on the tiny "man" in shaggy brown overcoat and scarlet toboggan cap, whose soft tassels went bobbing up and down with every step. His eyes were as brown as the coat, his cheeks as bright as the cap; no wonder their owner got so many smiles that wintry morning.

"Good-morning, Squire Burr! Biting day, this! And what little gentleman is this?"

"This is our boy Harry; I'm taking him to the Kindergarten; his first day in school, — five years old yesterday."

"Well, Harry, I wish you a happy New Year; every new thing we set out for begins a new year, you know. Be a little gentleman at school." And smiling down on him, the good minister walked off very fast.

Now, Harry had always thought that to be a gentleman he must be big and carry a cane, like brother Allen; but how to be Papa's little boy and a gentleman too was a puzzle which turned over and over in his head till he reached his seat in school. The new and strange things going on there put it out of his mind awhile; but he sat so still, looked so sweet, and answered the teacher's questions so shyly, that anybody would have said he was a born gentleman indeed. In fact, Miss Laurence, his "lovely" teacher, said at the dinner-table that noon, "Well, I had just the prince of boys brought me to-day, — that pretty Harry Burr who lives in the big house on the hill."

Harry, too, went home in such high spirits, with so much to tell, that although such a mite of a boy he felt as old as brother Allen, in Amherst College! And after dinner he could not seem to feel content with his blackboard and crayons, and found no fun in building streets and stores with his splendid colored blocks! He leaned on the window-sill, with a big wrinkle in his forehead. It never had looked so bright outside. "It must be 'most summer-time," thought he. How he *did* want to try Bobby's new velocipede, which he had heard about at recess! Before he really knew it, he was slipping softly downstairs; all in a tremble too he was, for when Mamma went to lie down because she had a headache, she had kissed him, saying, "Harry will play in the warm nursery and get nicely rested for school to-morrow." He remembered it all; but he wanted so much more to please himself than to obey Mamma, that he quickly got on his coat and cap, stole out of the door and down the street to Bobby's house. Imagine his disappointment when the cross servant-girl opened the door just wide enough to say, "Halloa, Harry! Bobby is n't home;" then shut it hard, leaving the poor little fellow on the steps wishing he had not forgotten his mittens, for his thumbs *did* ache so!

"Well, I don't want to go home 'thout seeing something," he thought. "It 's awful warm over to the candy-store; 't won't take but a minute." So across the street he trotted. His fingers ached worse and worse, and his toes began to feel strange; he wondered if the "grown-up gentlemen" who went hurrying up and down the street "could n't hardly see because their eyes were most frozen, like his!" He had reached the candy-store, — he knew it by the great red door, though the frost hid all the beautiful things in the window, — he had just clambered up on the first step, when who should come round the corner but his Papa, talking very earnestly with a friend. "Why, Harry, boy, out here in the cold! Go directly home, little one!" then, in the haste of business, he passed on.

Little Harry turned to obey; but, "gentleman" as he meant to be, tears rushed to his eyes and tumbled down his cold cheeks, and he would have fallen down in sheer pain and vexation, had not Aunt Martha come along at that moment. She too cried out, "Why, Harry, what *are* you doing here alone?"

"Well — well," he sobbed, "I — I — came down town 'thout asking Mamma; she lets me come now I 'm big, sometimes — at least I think she does — I can't quite 'member; any way, I went to Bobby's 'thout asking, and I met Papa, and he said, 'Go right straight home.' I think that 's funny; that is n't being a gentleman, is it?" Aunt Martha had to smile, though she pulled off her fur mittens quickly and drew them over the poor red hands and arms, and took the little "gentleman" home to his mother, who was at that moment searching the house from attic to cellar for her lost boy.

She looked quite pale and frightened, and said very soberly, "How *could* Harry forget to ask Mamma?"

"Why, why, you know I wanted to go to Bobby's; I 'm going to be a truly gentleman now-a-days, and they don't ask their Mammas, do they?" sobbed Harry, trying to hide the tears with his poor stiff fingers.

After Mamma had warmed and quieted her little lost boy, she took him upon her knee and told him that no little boy, nor ever so big a man, could ever be a real gentleman till he had first learned to obey father and mother in all things. She opened the great Bible, full of pictures which Harry loved so well, and showed him the place where all the children were long ago told to do this, "for it is right" — "for it is well-pleasing to the Lord."

"Now, when our little boy has learned to obey his parents, and to be *gentle* always and everywhere, he will be a truly gentleman and everybody will love him."

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips.

History and Biography.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY G. D. P.

"I EXPECT ridicule and censure, but I do not *fear* them."

These words are taken from the preface to a book written by Mrs. Child when she was at the height of her literary fame. The book was entitled "An Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans," and it was the forerunner, if not the inspiration, of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. Child was then a young woman. Her novels had been well received by the public, and she was widely known as the editor of the "Juvenile Miscellany," which was probably the first magazine in the English tongue devoted exclusively to children. Her tales and poems were widely copied and greatly admired, her society was eagerly sought, and the money earned by her pen furnished luxury and enjoyment. Just here, when all the world smiled on her, praising and approving, she stepped out of her way to do what she knew would be an unpopular thing, which would bring her, at the best, no credit, and for which she expected "ridicule and censure."

Why did she do it? Because her warm heart prompted her to it and her conscience approved. She had been much moved by the writings and personal influence of Mr. Garrison (who was then suffering for his friendship for the slave), and she felt that what talents she had must be exerted to rescue them from their pitiable condition.

She never swerved. For years her pen and tongue were busy, pleading for their emancipation and exposing their sufferings, the small party of Abolitionists growing larger as public opinion changed. But her literary popularity was gone, her books were no longer read or sold as they had been, her society was not sought. The ridicule and censure she had expected came with full force; but so far as we can discover from her letters, they never caused her a moment's regret for what she had lost, or an instant's fear. All the rest of her life she was a "reformer," living simply, that she might have more to give to the cause she was then interested in, and taking up one reform as another seemed to be accomplished; for, she said, "I never work on the winning side!" When she had influenced enough people to carry on a needed reform, then she was free to take up some other.

There is no doubt that her writings did much to form public opinion at that time; such men as Samuel J. May, Dr. Channing, and Charles Sumner acknowledging themselves her debtors in that respect. For the other side of her life; she was a bright, cheerful soul, a dear, lovable woman, contented in her simple home, — where she was her own domestic, — and a loyal friend. Those who knew her best, valued more the noble woman than they did the gifted and keen-sighted reformer. I have taken this single act of her life to write about because it seems to be an index to her whole character, portraying at once her tender heart and her fearless soul. No suffering existed for which her heart did not bleed; no evil was popular enough to escape her rebuke. Many of us approve of such deeds who would fear the censure they would bring; some of us can bear censure whom a laugh makes afraid. It takes a great soul to be fearless when all the world ridicules.

Our Letter-Box.

Our correspondents have helped us very generously to fill this Letter Box with puzzles. S. E. G. (Arlington, Mass.) has also sent us correct answers to all the puzzles in Nos. 15 and 16. Who will solve all the puzzles given to-day?

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 93 letters.

My 91, 46, 56, 78, 57, 73, 8, 67, 48, 75, 51, 79, is preliminary remarks.

My 54, 49, 23, 70, 39, is to transfer from one place to another.

My 39, 17, 27, 84, 12, 25, 28, is a species of fish having electric power.

My 84, 77, 69, 78, 77, 4, is a sea-fowl considered by sailors to be the herald of a storm.

My 61, 12, 58, 69, 12, 18, 64, is an enclosure for hens.

My 86, 33, 5, 83, 9, — 37, 78, 88, 93, 20, 14, was once a governor of New York State.

My 81, 64, 62, 34, 53, 55, 56, 44, is a bulbous plant with beautiful flowers that blooms early.

My 84, 6, 74, 90, 3, is the title of a Turkish governor.

My 52, 2, 16, 50, 22, 71, 92, 6, 14, 59, is to be womanish.

My 87, 10, is a pronoun plural.

My 68, 25, 1, 27, 50, is to worship with profound reverence.

My 43, 34, 36, 19, 14, was a noted American general born near Petersburg, Virginia.

My 76, 42, 18, 32, 45, 38, is a maiden.

My 7, 65, 11, 82, 13, 39, 66, 29, is the quantity of motion in a moving body.

My 80, 40, 30, 35, is wanting warmth.

My 47, 30, 85, 35, 15, 63, 31, 72, 21, is an eminent English statesman.

My 47, 3, 18, 26, 23, 12, 4, 25, was a president of the United States who was assassinated.

My 41, 51, 6, 24, 34, 10, is the country from which all our "fashions" are supposed to come.

My 89, 67, 1, 19, 48, was a noted Scotch writer who was given a baronetcy.

My whole is a quotation from J. G. Saxe.

Hattie P. Slack, 11 years old.

ENIGMA XVIII.

My whole, which is composed of 59 letters, is a well-known quotation from Whittier.

My 56, 42, 25, is an insect.

My 9, 28, 45, 40, 36, 48, 21, 11, is an American poet.

My 2, 11, 58, 8, is a boy's name.

My 1, 4, 33, is ancient.

My 27, 29, 26, 40, is a movable canvas lodge.

My 38, 37, 36, is a rodent.

My 32, 22, 17, 23, is an entrance.

My 24, 25, 11, 27, 41, is a city of Scotland.

My 41, 45, 49, 50, is elevated.

My 13, 3, 12, is sorrowful.

My 59, 10, 46, is an adverb.

My 43, 57, 7, is a body of salt water.

My 14, 15, is a preposition.

My 2, 17, 11, 19, 34, 16, — 47, 29, — 18, 10, 46, is a flower.

My 30, 5, 53, 59, 8, 55, 11, 22, 20, 35, is defamatory.

My 52, 39, is a pronoun.

My 47, 44, 31, 51, is food in general.

My 47, 14, 6, 44, 6, was a prophet.

My 54, 48, 1, 4, 45, 18, is a musical instrument.

Ruth Frisbee.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 16 letters, and am a large body of water.

1. My 14, 2, 9, is a body of water.
2. My 5, 15, 12, is an export of China.
3. My 7, 9, 5, is a small animal.
4. My 14, 16, 10, 3, is a kind of earth.
5. My 5, 11, 13, is a number.
6. My 14, 4, 8, is a title for a gentleman.
7. My 14, 12, 3, is to be dejected.
8. My 7, 16, 1, is a war vessel.
9. My 7, 6, 3, is a color.
10. My 10, 6, 9, 7, is not far.

B. Stickney, age 12 years.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM.

Why is a horse like a hen?

W. W. S., 13 years old.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

51. What was the "wave offering" of the Jewish worship?

52. What were the peculiar features of the Paschal Supper?

53. Of what was the unleavened bread made, and what were the "bitter herbs" used?

54. What psalms were sung at the Paschal Supper?

55. How many days did the feast of the Passover last?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

Enigma XVI. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Acrostics: V.

John	
Apostles	
Matthew	James.
Euphrates	
Saul	

VI.

Jacob	
Overseer	
Shechem	Joseph.
Egypt	
Potiphar	
Hebrew	

For Youngest Readers.

HARRY'S DREAM.

BY C. A. H.

HARRY had had a very unsatisfactory day. Nothing had gone right since he woke up in the morning; and no wonder, for when he had heard his mamma say in her kind voice, "Harry, it is time to get up; Bruno and the chickens are waiting for their breakfast," — he had just turned over on his pillow and said to himself, "I don't care if they are; they can just wait, for I won't get up until I get ready."

Of course he was late to breakfast, which vexed papa; and as soon as he had finished, as Harry said, "everybody wanted him to do everything," and as he didn't want to do anything at all, it took him so long to do his tasks that it was past school-time before he had finished them.

Hurry as fast as he could, the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes past nine when he reached the schoolhouse, and there was an ugly black mark to be put on the report he was trying so hard to have good to carry home at the end of the month.

He failed in his lessons, and was so troublesome that the teacher kept him after all the other pupils had been dismissed.

Then, to cap the climax, just as he was hurrying off for a game of ball, his mother had asked him to do an errand for her, and he had been so cross and unwilling about it that the grieved look in her face had haunted him all the way. And now he was so tired, and — yes, cross, too, that he had thrown himself down on the grass under a tree, the picture of a disconsolate boy.

"And it is all on account of having to do everything for everybody," he thought.

"Here I have to get up in the morning, and feed the chickens and the dog, and bring wood and run errands, and about forty other things. "If I didn't have to do so many things for people I might get along and have a decent time; but now I have just a horrid time. I most wish I was a tree, or a flower, for they don't have anything to do but enjoy themselves out in the sunshine."

"Oh, yes, we do," said a voice close beside him.

Harry stared about him in surprise, and at last discovered that it was a little violet that had spoken.

"You are quite mistaken if you think we have no work to do," she went on. "Look about you in the field. There is the big oak-tree; see how hard it must work putting forth new branches and clothing them with leaves. Why, if it did not spread its branches over me, I should be scorched by the sun, I am sure. Then look at the clover yonder, see how busily she works, storing up in her blossoms the sweet juices for the yellow and black coated bees to carry home to their hive. Every day the grass is growing up taller to make food for the cattle by and by."

"Yes, but what is your work?" asked Harry; "you don't make food for any one?"

"Oh, no, we are not all of the same use; but I think you all like our sweet perfume, and, I almost hope, would be disappointed if you did not find our blossoms in the spring-time."

"I guess I should," replied Harry; "Mamma is always so glad when I bring her home the first violets; and last year I took some to Jenny Waite who was sick, and she just pressed them up close to her face, and said they almost made her feel well again."

"Yes," the violet went on, "most of us flowers have the mission of beauty and comfort to give in this world; but God has given us all something to do, and although I am only a little violet, I am going to try and do my part in the world's work the best I can."

Here Harry opened his eyes. There was the little violet plant close beside him, but it was mute now.

"Why, it is almost dark, and I must have been asleep," exclaimed Harry, jumping up. "But that was a good dream I had, anyway; and I guess if even the little flowers have work to do, I won't grumble if I do have to do everything for everybody."

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

PLANTS AND THEIR SERVANTS.

BY DOROTHY VANDYNE.

I HAVE told you how ants capture other ants and force them to do their work.

Plants also use many artifices in order to attract bees, who do for them what they cannot do for themselves. You have noticed in the clover and other flowers a drop of honey at the bottom of each tube. The bees are very fond of this honey, or nectar as it really is. We have all seen that great numbers of bees resort to the clover bed when the blossoms are fully open. Now, it has been found that this nectar is of no use to the flowers, and botanists agree that it is produced simply to attract the bees. But why does the flower desire the presence of the bee? You have noticed the yellow dust that gathers upon certain flowers. It is called pollen, and the bees collect it to help make their comb. Of course their bodies and legs become covered with it. Now, all plants do not have this pollen, but must procure it in some way or their seeds will not ripen. When the bee flies into the flower to suck the nectar, some of the pollen on his body is left on the flower. So you see the flower employs the bee to work for it, giving it a free lunch in return.

Mr. Darwin once covered a bed of clover with wire netting so that the bees could not get to the blossoms. What was the result? Not a seed ripened, while twenty heads of Dutch Clover near by, left uncovered, yielded 2,290 seeds; it is believed that the color of flowers is an attraction to insects. In many cases butterflies have been known to congregate about flowers of their own color. The writer remembers of finding half a dozen dainty blue butterflies, seemingly asleep, on the stalk of a bluebell. So you see how necessary to the flower the presence of the insect must be.

No wonder the little flower makes herself as sweet and attractive as possible.

Without the pollen which her visitor brings her life is almost a failure, — quite, perhaps, in flower-judgment. But the work done by the bee must be won, not forced. And that is true of the best service. The strong boy who makes his weaker brother toil for him is only receiving half a benefit. Cannot human beings learn something from this simple lesson of Nature?

AMULETS.

BY ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

A FEW weeks after Mrs. Antrim told her children the little story of the "Cross-bearers" [*See* EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, No. 15], she and Molly were sewing busily near the window that looked on the lane, which was so rural and beautiful when the big lilac-bushes burst into bloom. For a wonder, Molly was silent and looked sober. Mrs. Antrim noticed the grave face, but said nothing, for she never hurried her children's thoughts; she would as soon have picked flowers open to make them blow.

"Mother," said Molly at last, "Florence says it is lucky people don't go into houses as they used to do without ringing or knocking, for that families scold awfully when they are alone! She says they scold all up and down Greene Street, round the Common, in Grandma's street, and everywhere."

"My dear child, do *we* scold?"

"I told her we did n't, and that Grandma did n't. She asked, 'How about Uncle John?' I told her I did n't know about Uncle John, but I was sure he would n't put up with Grandma's scolding if she wanted to. It 's real dull to think people who seem pleasant when you go to see them, begin to quarrel as soon as you turn your back."

"It is not true, Molly, that all families scold when they 're alone. Florence is a bright scholar; but who knows everything at twelve years old?"

"Perhaps they scold at Florence's."

"Very likely; and that is why she thinks this a scolding world. Her mother is often ill, and the younger children are thrown too much on the young girl's care. I pity her."

"Pity her, — when she 's so rich?"

"Molly, Florence influences you too much. I must find an amulet to protect you from harm."

"An amulet? That 's a sweet-scented locket. I shall like one for my neck."

"I don't mean the amulet worn in some countries as a charm to keep off disease or ill-luck. I wish to hang an amulet in your heart like the one my Aunt Mary hung in mine at your age."

"Tell me about it," cried Molly, with sparkling eyes.

Just then Roland came in dangling woollen gloves in his hand. "Molly, will you sew these thumbs? They 've burst out again and bother me at my work. I wish everything you buy was n't shoddy."

Before she answered he was gone.

"Please tell me about the amulet; I'll do the gloves later."

"Mend them at once. To oblige quickly is to oblige twice. See, too, if you can't fasten the buckle on Roland's book-strap. If Florence obliged Ralph, maybe he would n't haunt the grocery shop and smoke cigarettes. Sisters can hang amulets in brothers' hearts. Now dear father is gone, it is dull for Roland with three women."

"Three *women!*"

"*Little* women, to be sure, — you and Sue."

"Mother, I did want to hear about that amulet. I wonder why it is that when something is very pleasant, something comes in to stop it."

"That is life, my child. The reason why, we wait for, sometimes, till death clears it up. But Sue will be asking the reason why we are sitting here comfortably, and not looking after her tooth. I must run up and see how she is."

"How are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Antrim as she entered the little girl's room.

"Better," said Sue, but in that *sick* tone she had inherited from dear Grandmamma.

"We 'll loosen the bandage. You look as if you had the mumps," as she smiled and kissed her.

"Let Topsy in; she 's scratching at the door."

When black Topsy was purring in Sue's arms, Mrs. Antrim asked, as she sat by the bedside, "Are n't you glad the pain has gone? Don't you wish it was gone for good?"

The child nodded. Her mother continued: "Your teeth are not so strong as Molly's."

"Molly could crack nuts with hers."

"I hope she 'll never try. But we must be doubly careful of yours. You must keep them clean and give up candy."

"When it is so good? My feet will not go by the candy-shop when Uncle gives me a cent or Grandma a five-cent piece."

"I will put a string round them and drag them by. If I make a card box with a slit, and you put into it every cent that might go for candy, you can give Lucy Grey two country rides this summer."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, indeed. I wish Molly kept her bureau drawers as tidy as you keep yours. Now, look on your mouth as a drawer, and see if you can't keep those precious teeth as white as kernels of corn. Aunt Mary used to say she knew what people were like the minute they opened their mouths; that not clothes, but tones of voice and words showed whether they were gentlefolks. I think so too; and also that no one is pretty who has not good teeth. You are old enough to understand that it is for your health, as well as pleasant looks, to keep them in good order. Much as I want to send Roland to college, I would rather my children had sound teeth than to have a fortune left me."

"I 'll try," said Sue, meekly.

"Thank you, my darling. We 'll have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. Now we 'll go down. There 's a bright fire in the parlor; you and Topsy can lie on the sofa, and we 'll have soft cracker-toast for tea."

"Honey?"

"Honey must go into Lucy Grey's box."

"Just in time, Molly, to make up the bed."

"But, Mother, you have n't told me about Aunt Mary's amulet."

"That will keep, child. We have done a good afternoon's work. You have hung an amulet in Roland's heart, and I one in Sue's."

As the procession of Mrs. Antrim, Sue, and Topsy moved downstairs, Molly's joyous voice was heard chanting the lisping account a little cousin gave her of the making of a bed, — "An' then Aunt Lithbeth the put on the bolthter, an' then the put on the theets, an' then the put on the pillow."

"Dear Molly," thought Mrs. Antrim, "what an amulet of joy hangs in her heart!"

A CORAL ISLAND.

PEOPLE used to think the coral islands were built from the bottom of the sea; but the tiny architects which construct them — the polyps — cannot live at any great depth in the water, therefore they support their workmanship upon some rock beneath. Neither can these little builders live out of the water, but they gradually bring the framework of the island to the surface of the water, and the work of completion is brought about in another way, which Captain Chemm, of the Royal Navy, describes as follows:

"First the foundation is built up until it makes a break or ripple on the surface. Something is then drifted and entangled on it, — maybe a log of wood, a dead tree, a mass of weed. Then birds bring their food of fishes, and leave the bones there. Sand, gravel, and broken shells accumulate around it, and it begins to appear above water. Seeds drifting on the ocean are next arrested in their progress. Dead wood, decayed leaves, and fish-bones form a sod. The seed — generally the mangrove — germinates, and rapidly, too, with the heat and rain of the tropics. This becomes a bush, then a tree. Its roots grasp the surrounding soil, and it becomes the nucleus of a mangrove island, waiting for some passing discoverer to name it. I have watched with real interest the progress of these islets from year to year, — first the ripple, then the collection of leaves, sand, and shells, then the first shoot of the

mangrove, then the sea-shells, the hermit-crab, and the surface ocean-shell, all soon to become a coral island."

"WHO GIVETH US RICHLY ALL THINGS TO ENJOY."

THINK a little of God's great kindness to you. How very good he is to you! He "giveth." Not one single pleasant thing, not one single bit of enjoyment, comes to us but what he giveth. We cannot get it, we do not earn it, we do not deserve it; but he giveth lovingly and kindly and freely. Suppose he stopped giving, what would become of us?

"Richly," — so richly that if you tried to write down half his gifts to you, your hand would be tired long before you had done. You might easily make a list of the presents given you on your birthday, but you could not make a list of what God gives you every day of your life.

"All things." All the things you really need, and a great many more besides. All the things that will do you good, — a great many more than you would ever have thought of. All the things that he can fill your hands with and trust you to carry without stumbling and falling. *All* things, — everything that you have at all.

"To enjoy." Now, how kind this is! Not only "to do us good," but "to enjoy." So you see he means you to be happy with what he gives you, — to smile and laugh and be glad, not to be dismal and melancholy. If you do not enjoy what he "giveth," that is your own fault, for he meant you to enjoy it. Look to him with a bright smile, and thank him for having given you richly all things to enjoy.

"My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven."

Selected.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, at the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

TELLING an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briers in the wild woods. How much better to tell the truth at all times!

YOU cannot deceive God either by mock humility or by pride; he knows you better than you know yourself.

THE best people are not those who say the most or speak the best, but those who say the best and *do as they say*.

WILD PEGGIE.

BY CARL LIEMER.

A LITTLE girl about seven years old stood one morning looking through a fence, dangling a pitcher on one or two fingers, while she watched the pranks of a young colt. All at once something hit the pitcher and it fell.

The little laughing face instantly changed to consternation as she beheld the broken pieces at her feet. At the same time an older girl, barefooted and slovenly, sprang in front of her, exclaiming as she picked up her ball, "Did n't I do that slick? Oh, sugar! the chicken 's a cryin'! 'Fraid of getting licked, Effie?"

The child stood perfectly still while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Usually she was afraid of wild Peggie, as the children called this girl, but just now she was wholly absorbed in her loss.

"It 's the only pitcher we 've got," she sobbed at last, stooping to pick up the pieces into her apron.

Peggie stared at her in silence as she threw the ball from one hand to the other. She had not expected this quiet grief, and it made her feel uncomfortable.

"Shall I go home with you, and own up I done it?" she asked at last.

"No," said the child still sobbing. "I will tell Mamma my own self."

But a feeling akin to regret induced Peggie to follow. Effie turned into the little side-yard of a neat brick dwelling, and entered the open kitchen door. Her mother, who was ironing, looked up. "Why, Effie!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the broken pieces.

"'T was me done it," called Peggie from behind.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Murton, surprised to see Peggie and hear her acknowledging a fault. "Well, accidents will happen, I suppose."

"'T wa' n't no accident," said the girl, dropping her eyes, and digging her toe into a hole in the carpet, "but I wish I had n't a done it."

"I wish so, too," said Mrs. Murton, gravely; "we are poor, Peggie, and that was the only large pitcher we had."

Such kindness of tone and manner completely disarmed the girl, and remorse — a feeling new to her — began to well up in her heart. She stood a moment thinking; then her face brightened, and she exclaimed, "I just thought o' somethin', Miss Murton! If you'll let Effie and me go blackberryin' this afternoon, we could get enough to sell, and buy another pitcher. I know a splendid place to get big ones."

"Not to-day, Peggie," said Mrs. Murton.

"Oh, course not!" returned the girl; "you would n't trust me," and she darted out the door and down the street

Poor Peggie had no pleasant home. She lived in a tavern kept by a Mrs. Smithers, where she worked very hard. There was no rest, except when she ran away, tempted by the bright sunlight and cool breeze, though she knew it must be paid for in blows.

This morning the beating was unusually severe, but she bore it with few outcries, and an hour later she was off again, sitting under a tree on the school lawn with her face hidden between her knees. That glimpse into Effie's home had awakened feelings before dormant. She knew nothing of Christ; but God heard the dumb cry for help that filled her heart, and while the pain still throbbed from recent blows, and a kind of despair was filling her breast, a little hand fell lightly on her shoulder and a child's voice asked timidly, "What 's the matter, Peggie?"

The girl peered out from her ragged dress and saw Effie Murton. "Go 'way!" she cried bitterly, "I jist want ter die."

But Effie did not move. She stood a moment silently regarding the girl, and then she ventured another remark. "My Mamma says if you learned the Golden Rule, you 'd be happier."

"What kind of a thing is that?" she asked earnestly, looking up.

"Do unto others just 'xactly as you want them to do unto your own self."

"Oh, bother! I 'd ruther do 'xactly as they do unto me," and Peggie turned away the rags from her arm, to contemplate a bloody ridge made with the lash.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Effie, "who did that?"

"That horrid Mis' Smithers! cause I runned away."

"That 's dreadful, Peggie! Come home with me, and tell Mamma about it."

"No, I won't; she hates me too. She would n't even trust me to take you for blackberries."

"If you would only learn the Golden Rule the right way," said Effie wistfully, "I —"

"Do you think she would then?" interrupted the girl, eargely.

"I guess so."

Peggie could hardly rise, the pain was so severe; but when they reached Mrs. Murton's she forgot it all in the kind motherly manner with which she was received. The girl pleaded so hard to be trusted this once to take Effie blackberrying, and Effie too was so anxious to go, that Mrs. Murton finally consented.

It was a trust she never regretted. A few hours later Effie bounded into the kitchen with her tin pail full of berries, and soon after Peggie tottered in, holding up a pitcher in triumph. But the girl had worked beyond her strength in her eagerness for approval, and sank into a chair faint with pain. Mrs. Murton was frightened, and sent for a physician who had been very kind to her. He ordered the child to be put to bed, and the marks of cruelty they found on her body horrified them. The Smithers were brought to punishment, and the tie forever severed between them and Peggie.

A few kind words from a little child led to great results. Wild Peggie was merged into Maggie Murton, and she repaid with interest the loving kindness of her adopted mother and little sister.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

A FAMILY left their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room; but as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair. — *Companion.*

MOST things have two handles; and a wise man takes hold of the best.

ANGER is often more hurtful than the injury that caused it.

A MAN that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

Teachers' Department.

COMMON-SENSE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

[In another column we have spoken of Mr. Winkley's admirable "Lecture-Talks on Sunday-school Teaching." We give here an extract from his Fourth Lecture, which we commend to every teacher who reads our paper. — Ed.]

There is much time wasted in Sunday-schools because teachers will not act with common-sense in this as they do in other matters. Is it not a beautiful story where Abraham entertains Jehovah and the two angels, and intercedes for Sodom and Gomorrah? Is not that look at God's love more true and beautiful than some people give to-day? If you want an illustration for "Bless those that curse you," tell the story of Joseph. His brothers were jealous of him, and sold him into slavery; but when they were in trouble he sent for them and cared for them until his father died. And even then the brothers feared he had only acted out of consideration for his father, and that he no longer wished to care for them; but he said, "Certainly, I do." It is no matter whether we believe that this is historically true or not, if we only want an illustration that will stir their hearts. Come down to a later day, — to some of the Psalms: "The Lord is my shepherd," for instance. Can you not guess how David wrote that Psalm? He was a shepherd in a land where there were no fences, where he had to lead his sheep through many dark valleys, while his crook did good service in getting the sheep off of the dangerous shelving-places, and his two arms carried the wee lambs. David believed in God and wrote a poem about him, comparing him to a shepherd. Suppose we come down still later to the story of George Washington and the tree. "Do you believe it?" I do not know. If we believe that it is just what we ought to have done under the same circumstances, that is enough for us. Suppose we tell the story of Stonewall Jackson, — that he used to pray before going into battle, and that the great courage which was given to him came from that. Whether we believe just that story or not, it is a story that illustrates communion with God. Take a story of fiction, — Bulwer's "Zanoni," for instance. There is one character merciless and tyrannical, and one like Christ. When this noble one sees another encountering the dark dweller upon the threshold, does it not illustrate the love of God sympathizing with man, as he passes from selfishness to love? So in all studies in Nature. There is the story of the rainbow. If you tell it as it ought to be told, how can a child help feeling that he is in the midst of the temple, — brought into the very presence of God? Or take that miraculous thing, the burning of a candle. Make a thorough study of this, no matter if it takes six weeks; get the children to come and see you, and show them this burning of the candle, explaining it to them clearly, and let it reveal to them, in its way, God's power. Do not tell them to worship; they will worship. Or take an egg, — this is to enter the very holy of holies of God's power, — from the time that the egg is laid until it comes forth a living creature.

As further illustration, Mr. Winkley told a story of being in the country; and meeting one day a lot of farmers, whom he knew, lounging about the depot, at which he was waiting for a train, he said to one of the farmers: "I was glad to see you studying the Bible and praying this morning."

A general guffaw broke from the group of men; and one of the farmers clapped his companion on the shoulder with: "That's a good one!"

The man looked confused and said: "I — I think you must be mistaken, sir."

"Not a bit of it. Did I not see you at such a place planting?"

"Yes."

"Why do you do it at this season?"

"Why, because it is the only true time."

"How did you ascertain that?"

"By watching the progress of the season."

"Certainly: by studying the 'Elder Scriptures.'"

"But how about the praying?" asked one.

"Actions speak louder than words. When you planted seeds you therein expressed a wish for a crop. Such confidence did you show, that out of your faith in the invisible sprang up a hope of a crop."

Afterward Mr. Winkley again met this man, who said to him: "I have never been able to go into that field of mine since I saw you without feeling just as if I was praying, and I thought of it and thought of it until I told my wife I might as well go to church and done with it. And I have been to church ever since."

If you would only use everything in this way! Do not stop to discuss the side issues; take people as they are; do not expect them at once to come where you are. The speaker said that knowing how long it has taken him to come where he is, he does not ask others to come there in a day, but is willing to "labor and to wait."

TWO IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just issued: —

1. A 22-page pamphlet on Sunday-School Teaching, for *free distribution* among the teachers of Unitarian Sunday-schools. This pamphlet contains the four lecture-talks recently delivered in Channing Hall before the Sunday-school Normal Class, by Rev. S. H. Winkley. Mr. Winkley's lectures on Sunday-school teaching attracted much attention at the time of their delivery, and were very fully reported in the Boston "Sunday Herald." They are practical, suggestive, and inspiring. The Sunday-school teacher who reads them will have a higher ideal of his work, a fresh consecration to its tasks, and a clearer perception of the way to perform them. Any Sunday-school worker can obtain a copy of the pamphlet by addressing the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

2. A Book of Temperance Services and Hymns (52 pp.) for the use of temperance societies, churches, and Sunday-schools. This valuable book has been compiled by Rev. C. R. Eliot under the auspices of the new Unitarian Church Temperance Society. The services are four in number, entitled "Self-Control," "Self-Sacrifice," "Temperance," and "Festival." Their general form is that of the special services for Easter, Christmas, etc., published by the Sunday-School Society, consisting of Responsive Readings, Prayers, Hymns (with music), Anthems, Chants, etc. Some of the music is original, while other popular pieces have been purchased for the book from the owners of the copyright. Appended to the Services are fifty carefully selected temperance hymns with references to the tunes to which they can be sung. We cordially commend these Services to all our Sunday-schools. They are handsomely printed in the style of the Sunday-School Service Book and Hymnal, and are sold at the low price of ten cents a copy.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The closing meeting for the season of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union was held in the Second Church rooms on Monday evening, May 16. The exercises consisted of a Symposium, to which the following brief papers were contributed: "The Charitable Work Practicable for Sunday-schools," by Mr. E. A. Whitman; "The Sunday-school as a Missionary Agent for the Church," by Miss Venah J. Warren; "The Devotional Spirit," by Mr. H. S. Sears; "Fathers and Mothers and the Sunday-school," by Rev. Edward Hale; "The Great Chasm," by Rev. W. H. Lyon.

The Union thus ends its fourth year, which has been the most prosperous year it has enjoyed since its formation. There has been a larger membership, increased interest has been manifested in the meetings, while the bond of fellowship among the forty or more schools represented in the Union has been greatly strengthened.

At the Easter Festival of the Littleton (Mass.) Sunday-school, cards were distributed to the pupils, on which this sentiment was printed: —

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I *shall not pass this way again.*"

At the recent celebration of the forty-fourth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, D.D., as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Saco, Me., the children of the Sunday-school placed upon the pulpit a dish of roses with the following note: —

"We beg you, our dear friend and pastor, to accept, on this anniversary of your birth, these seventy roses, as emblematical both of the seventy years of love and purity which have sanctified your life, and of the affection cherished for you by the children of your

Sunday-School."

The youthful Sunday-school of the Unitarian church in Oakland, Cal. (Rev. C. W. Wendte, pastor), already numbers 74 pupils, with 14 teachers and officers, and 20 in the Bible-class. A graded system of instruction is used.

New Sunday-schools have lately been formed in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Sacramento, Cal.

Channing Williams, a boy about six years old, assisted by his cousins, Frank Adams, Gardner and Mildred Williams, and other young friends, recently held a fair at Eliot Hall, Jamaica Plain, for the benefit of the "Country Week," realizing the sum of $250.

Not how Much, but How. — "I wish I could do more for my scholars," laments a teacher. "O if I were rich and could do for them, if I were eloquent and could plead with them, if I had all possible leisure and could give them more time!" Money, and eloquence, and time will help anybody who can command them, but the spirit of the giver will help more than the quantity of his gifts. It was the widow's motive that transmuted the widow's mite into a diamond. It was the character behind the speaker that gave added significance to the utterances of Christ.

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